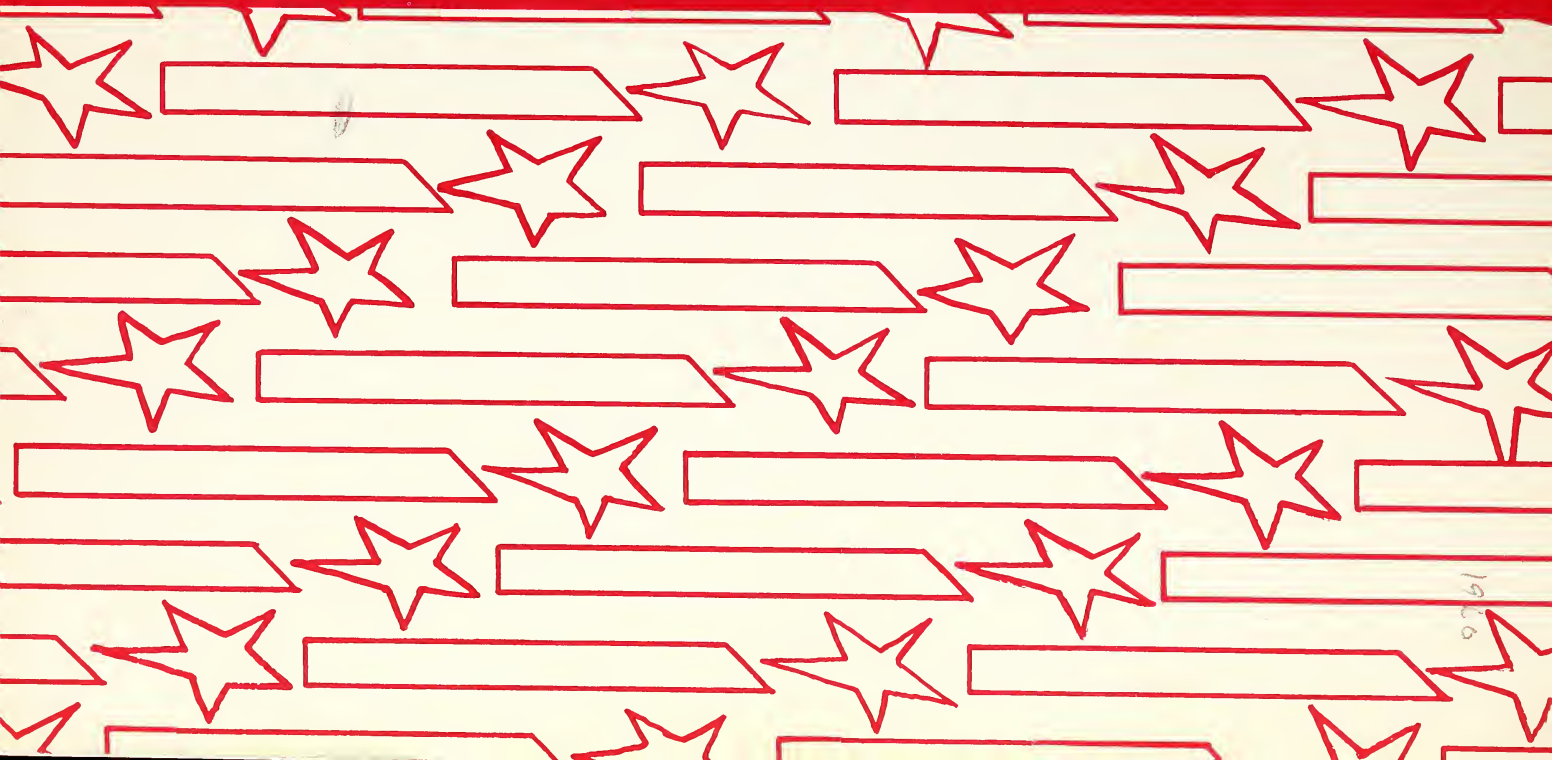
WESTWORDS



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Earth Turns Toward the Light

Light shining into the darkness, this is the Christmastide keynote. And two lights in particular do not banish darkness but rather glow through it, shaping a small bright patch against the black. These are stars and candles, the Christmas lights.

To these we might add angels and make a trio, though theirs is a different kind of light. They, too, however, shine into night without conquering it. They sing out their worship and then gathering their glory about them they disappear into heaven.

Now is the time when earth begins to turn slowly from the long night of winter into new spreading light. Advent is dark with longing, a stirring in the hearts of men, a stretching toward light of the seed buried in the dark earth. But it is not yet time for the glory of fulfillment. It is only dawn light, only the first faint stirring of life.

During advent, with Mary we wait in joyful expectation. Yet all is not joy. It is "the waiting time, lonely with love and dark with longing." And with Mary we learn over again how "the secret of a woman great with Child was learning love in darkness" (D. Warwick, America, 12/21/57).

The theme echoes also in the darkness of human perplexity. For the light is always shining out, but the dark is not able to comprehend it. And so we think of St. Joseph's uncertainty before Christ's birth. He too had to learn love in darkness, to wait and worship and not understand, until the angel came to illumine him.

Only after his dark pain comes, as the Christmas Mass says "the new dawn of glory," when the Son of God, "born before the day star" makes the "most sacred night glow with the radiance of the true light."

Even the wise men, whose feast we celebrate with Westwords today, whose feast is named Epiphany--a bursting out of light --had not a sun for guidance, only a star against the night. They too knew human perplexity. As Eliot has the old Magus say: "A hard coming we had of it,/ Just the worst time of year/ For a journey."

All these had angels and stars. But we have candles. We look toward Candlemas when the symbol of Christ the Light is put into our hands. Claudel says a candle is a "kind of portable angel."

If our words shine with the light of Christ's truth, then our candles shine out into our own space and time and all our writing helps to shape patches of light against the darkness in our world. If we carry our candles, our "portable angels," then at the end we can be like Merton's figures in the Candlemas procession, and "returning to our Father, one by one," we can "Give back our lives like wise and waxen lights."

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THRICE TOLD TALE OF ANGELS

In the Bible, just as in all works of literature, certain plots and insights recur often. Each time there are striking similarities, and still enough variation to hold our interest. One such recurring incident is the appearance of angels to men. Each time they appear in different forms and for various reasons. The three stories to be discussed here will be those of angels appearing to Gedeon, Samson, and Tobias. These three were chosen because the stories are parallel in structure.

In all three accounts an angel appears, relates his message, is offered a reward, refuses it, tells each individual to offer something to God, is asked to wait, and reveals his identity in some way. Moreover, each person to whom an angel appears reacts in a similar manner to the announcement.

Each story tells of some overpowering burden which causes life to be unhappy for the characters. Gedeon and his people are ruled by the ruthless Madianites. The Philistines have been exploiting the Jews, like Samson's parents, for forty years; and Tobias is overcome by falling into great debt.

Each person, then, was in need of divine assistance. So that He would not shock them too much, God sent his messengers in the forms of human beings and enabled them to appear in common surroundings. Gedeon saw a young man under an oak tree; Samson's mother encountered a visitor while she was resting in a field; and Tobias opened his door to find a young man standing outside. How could these scenes be more natural or less earth-shaking?

Now that each angel is standing before his host, we will consider what each one does. Every angel has a different personality. Gedeon's gives a greeting with a compliment tagged on the end: "The Lord be with you, courageous heart" (Judges 6:12). It is difficult not to be amused at Gedeon's reply. He is sharp witted enough not to be taken in by flattery.

He says that if the Lord is with him, why is he so downtrodden by the Madianites? Now the angel realizes that he must use the direct approach. He simply says, "Thou hast strength; go and set Israel free from the power of Madian" (Judges 6:14). Immediately Gedeon tries to excuse himself. The angel insists that God will help him.

Gedeon is very practical and once again is not taken in by words. He asks the angel to give proof. Before that, however, Gedeon had planned to offer a sacrifice to God, so now he rushes off to his house with the command that the angel stay there until he returns.

Samson's mother, meanwhile, has just seen her visitor walking toward her in the field. Before she has a chance to speak, he tells her that she will bear a son named Samson. She is told how to act before and after the birth of the child, and hears that when he is mature he will deliver the Jews from the power of the Philistines.

Being a woman, she hurries to tell someone--her husband. Like Gedeon, he wants proof. God is obliging and sends his angel once again to the mother in a field. Seeing him, she hurries off to get her husband. The angel waits. At their return the message is repeated, and Manue, like a good host, insists on feeding this guest who has brought good news. The angel refuses the dinner but suggests that the food be offered to God in sacrifice. Manue agrees to this, but asks the identity of the visitor so that he can give him a reward if his message comes true. Refusing to tell his name, the angel waits while Manue goes to prepare the food.

Looking back to Tobias, we see him asking the young man at his door if he knows the way to a certain city. Notice that Tobias has one thought on his mind, and he even neglects to ask the man the reason for his coming. Tobias is to travel to Media to collect some money for his father. Since he does not know the way to this city, he is overjoyed with the news that the young man is familiar with the route.

As in the other two stories, the angel is told to wait while Tobias tells his father the good news. The elder Tobias shares his son's joy at finding a traveling companion, but, like all fathers, he wants to meet this new friend to assure himself that his son will be in capable hands. Like Manue, Tobias asks the name of the visitor, but unlike Manue, he also desires the names of his ancestors. The angel is a little ironic when he says, "Why, is it my lineage, not myself, thou wouldst have for thy son's escort?" (Tobias 5:17). He does, however, make up an answer so that they will not recognize him as an angel. Soon after this the two young men leave for Media.

When they have returned from a successful trip, the elder

THRICE TOLD TALES OF ANGELS continued on page 45.

Dead of Winter

Carlisle Van Horne '61

What loss is there if you do,
freezing like me one snowed-on, blue
And silver day,
Neglect to look up when a winter's bluejay
Shouts against the sky?
The road's ice blazed, and I walked
In a shower of sun-diamonds from ice-blue skies
As lightly as
The rubber clump of overshoes would let, because
The cold with every step came through their soles.
The crisp fire of white surrounding snow
Sparkled and stung in reddened eyes.
With each in-breath my nose grew dry,
With every out-breath watered. It was so cold that I
Showed every sign of weeping, almost alone, in early morning.

But not quite. I heard the bluejay scream.
It must have paused among the dry ragged leaves
That clung on the huge oak where the road bent.
It would perhaps have been
The sky's blue come alive, and when it flew,
A crying, personal splash of blue
Alive on the dead brilliant snow.
I never looked, hearing it go;
I was reduced to wanting someplace warm.

I should have looked at my father's eyes, too,
But could not, leaving: they were blue.

Candles

I. Light and white
Round yet sound
A stable cable
For light.

II. The flame
Is a fiery
Leaf on a
Snowy tree.
Blown by the breeze,
Absorbed in its dance,
It teases the air.

III. A candle:
its soft light,
gently brushes
back the night.
It rises
gracefully,
straight and strong,
proud to be.

Jeannette Nolet '63
Margaret Hammer '63
Kathy Herman '63

. . . and More Candles

Sharon Pringle '63
Nan Slattery '63
Marynelle Brown '63

IV. The house
Was a beacon
As it stood
On the hill
High above us.

Nobody seemed
To be in it,
Tonight, and yet,
A candle burned
In the window.

A house and a candle,
Symbols:
Of life and warmth
Welcoming us
From the darkness of night.

V. The candle cries.
Large white tears
Roll down
The stick,
And settle in
An icy puddle.

VI. The candle is lit,
The flame burns,
Erect and steady and slow.

The heavens sigh,
The wind turns,
Whoops! Where did the flame go?

Gail Esker '59

Dear Diary

Mixed marriages are not always doomed to failure--but I know of one which was. Let me tell you about the way I learned its story--from the pages of my sister's diary which she gave me to read the night she told us about her plans for divorce.

June 17

Well, "Dear Diary" I started my summer job today in Uncle Ed's insurance office. I think it is going to be a very nice summer. Everyone there is so nice and the work is interesting. And one special thing makes me think I will enjoy the summer--his name is Rod Thomas and he's really sweet. He's good-looking and has a fabulous personality--besides, he graduated from UCLA last week and he has a very good future. Also, he's single. There's only one slight catch--he isn't Catholic. Of course, I guess that really doesn't matter much. After all, he seems to be a very good person and that's the main thing!

July 1

Rod Thomas asked me today to go to the office picnic with him on the 4th. I know I shouldn't go out with non-Catholic men, but he's so nice and after all it's only this one time. Besides, I'd see him there anyway. I mean, it's not as if I'd make it a habit or anything--I really wouldn't think of getting serious with him. He's just a nice person and I don't see how one date can hurt anything. All that nonsense you hear about dating non-Catholics just irritates me --I know divided homes aren't good, but after all we aren't getting married--just going to a picnic.

July 5

Rod and I had such a wonderful time at the picnic yesterday. He's such fun and so nice. He's not the least bit "fast" like I half-imagined all non-Catholic men to be--we just had a good time. Only I sort of wish he'd ask me out again. . . .

July 19

Rod took me out again tonight but not before I'd had another argument with the family. Honestly, they are being so old-

fashioned about this whole thing. You'd think Rod came from a long line of criminals or was an anti-Catholic fanatic or something, when actually he's very understanding of my religion. He never asks me out Sunday morning--he knows I have to go to Church. He goes to his own Church usually on Sundays, which I think is quite unusual. I mean it's not as if he had to, like I do. And last Friday he took me to dinner in a place that specializes in seafood. He even had lobster just to keep me company. Honestly, he really isn't some sort of monster--he's a good boy.

August 27

Well, summer's nearly over and I have to start thinking about going back to school. It seems hard to believe that the summer is almost gone already--it's been so much fun. But in a way I'm glad--I'm afraid I'm getting to like Rod too much. Maybe if I don't see him every day, most of this infatuation will wear off; I'm sure that's all it is. At any rate, I guess I'll find out if it's a case of "Out of sight, out of mind" or "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"!

November 21

Fall is here, in full swing. I have been so busy with school activities that I haven't had time for anything else--except Rod that is. Those first few weeks of school when I wouldn't see him were sheer torture. I lost interest in everything and he kept calling to say he couldn't concentrate either. We decided to stop being martyrs and go out again! After all, this isn't the Middle Ages --lots of people have differences of opinion and still are compatible. All this fuss the family is making is just too silly. I'm sure glad Rod's family is spending the winter in Seattle or we'd probably have them to contend with too. I've never met them, but Rod's descriptions of his mother are really rare. She must be a pretty hard person to argue with. The idea doesn't appeal to me at all!

December 19

I am giving Rod one of my graduation photographs for Christmas. Mom came in when it was sitting on my desk today and had a fit when she saw what I had written. I can't help it, I am very much in love with him, and I want to marry him more than anything else in the world--even if he isn't Catholic. I'm sure we can work it out; lots of other couples have. And the family does like him personally; their only real objection is his religion, and that's such a little thing as far as we are concerned.

December 29

My best Christmas present is sparkling right now on my third finger, left hand. I was so thrilled when Rod gave it to me;

it was a real surprise! I knew he wanted to marry me, but I thought he'd wait till later to get me a ring, because he knows I have to finish school before we can be married. After all, it would be silly to quit now, with three-and-a-half years behind me....

The family took it pretty well. They only made us promise to be married in the Catholic Church and not to rush into it too fast. But Rod's family was a different story! They were home for the holidays and I met them Christmas day in the afternoon. His dad is a nice, quiet, but interesting sort of person. His sister is sweet, and his little brother is cute, for a sixteen-year-old "hep cat," but his mother is a dilly. Rod neglected to tell me that she was such a "hard-shelled" Protestant, but she had a fit about our being married in the Catholic Church and my statement that the children would all be raised Catholic. But I guess she'll get used to the idea. She'll have to, because that's the way it's going to be!!

February 14

Rod and I went out to dinner tonight and for a ride afterward, and ended up having an argument. He wants his brother to be best man and his sister to be flower girl. I said that it was fine about his sister, but that the best man should be Catholic since he was to witness the ceremony. He got very upset and I ended up promising to ask Father about it, but it's all so complicated. Honestly, I never realized weddings could be so much bother, especially mixed-marriages.

April 11

Well, the date is set for June 3. We got it all pretty well straightened out with the priest last night. We have five million forms to fill out and Rod has to begin his instruction classes in a week. Father wasn't especially keen on the idea, but we insisted. No sense letting everyone walk all over you; I mean, I am a Catholic and since Rod is willing to marry me in my Church, the least the Church could do is not make it too difficult for us. But Father was pretty nice about it. He told me later that he thought Rod seemed to be a very nice person and that he would pray for the success of our marriage. I thought that that was very sweet of him. Rod isn't particularly keen on those instruction classes, but after I explained that he isn't expected to become a Catholic, he relented. Personally, I think they are a good thing. There's so much about my religion he doesn't know and I can't always explain it right. Maybe after this he will understand better.

DEAR DIARY continued on page 46.

Martha Stoering '62

The Swingin' Decisions of Life

"What's swingin', Gram?" Penny exploded into her favorite room, the kitchen. Fresh loaves of bread and warm buns reposed beside a dishpan of mountainous, rising dough on the table.

"The only thing that looks even slightly swingin' to me is Grandpa out there in his hammock."

A floury hand wiped beads of labor from her damp forehead, leaving a white furrowed row.

"My stars! On days like this, I've half a notion to take over that hammock m'self!"

"Say, Gram" worded Penny carefully, "in that case, do you think it'd be swingin' if me and Kit hit the flick?"

"Hit the what?" queried Gram, cataloging the word in her mental file.

"The flick, Gram, the flick...you know...like Tab Hunters-ville?"

Gram didn't know at all. Pleas and protests echoed from wall to wall, but, nevertheless, twenty minutes later and armed with broom, mop, and a pail of soapy water, Penny trudged down a winding corridor after Gram, who gleefully led the way to a seldom cleaned attic.

And Gram disappeared down the corridor.

Penny sighed resignedly. Exhaling a second time, she slipped into a voluminous maternity smock, long since discarded. "What a creepy-looking hatching jacket," she muttered defiantly to a big mirror framed in geegaws. With a curt bob of the head, the reflection agreed.

Finally the room came to order. Penny rested on a bolt of dusty muslin while her eye swept the room and lit on a large, black trunk, half hidden under a fallen drape.

Captivated, she trudged to the trunk. Back went the lid. Into the gaping front of her smock dropped a large, black spider.

Penny screamed, dashed to a rickety chair, stood on it and shook skirts. At last the spider zigzagged out of her sight.

Again Penny surged over to the trunk and began to sort her treasure: moth-eaten quilts, ancient silver spoons with curled handles for babies, rusty little picture frames. Then came a bundle of yellowed envelopes, tied with a black velvet ribbon.

She whispered, "When golden rays of sunlight blaze through lovely wisps of silver spray.... cheez!.... poems!" and dropped the envelopes to the floor.

Slowly, she picked up another bundle. The rubber band holding it crumbled. "...You know, when people get married, they leave their parents. Which do you think would be easier on them, slow death by torture or a quick death?

"I'd like to do right by my folks too, but it isn't imperative to me to make them happy. After all, they don't want me to marry a Catholic any more than your parents want you to marry a non-Catholic.

A warm shiver ran down Penny's spine as she remembered that evening on the front porch, when she had to tell Don Lohman that her parents wouldn't let her go steady with him, because he was a Seventh-Day Adventist.

Sighing deliciously she reached for another letter: "I don't think that I'll ever become too involved in religion, because I don't feel that it is my world.

"I've never believed in any one religion, and I don't believe that it is important as long as I believe in God and that He is near."

With that, the attic door swung open, and like a jack-in-the-box, Gram popped into the room, bearing a tray of warm biscuits and milk. Penny, caught red-handed, flew to her feet and stood squirming before her judge.

Mistaking the twinkle in Gram's eyes for sparks, she began: "I was only..." then stopped as Gram laughed at the scene before her.

Later, after Penny had polished off the bread and milk, she said, "Gram, this geek was from nowheres-ville. I'm sure glad you married Grandpa instead."

"Land o goshen, child!" exclaimed Gram. "Of course I didn't marry him! What do you think I am...a square?"

Psalm to the Mount

. . . after Psalm 22

The Mount is my college;
How can I lack anything?

She gives me a campus where nature enfolds me.
Sends me out of her classrooms, refreshed and content.

As an inquiring student, by sure paths she leads me;
False teachings loom dark in every phase of my life,
But I fear none while she leads me;

Thy chapel, thy teachings are my comfort.
Envious my foes watch,
While thou dost spread a banquet for me;
Richly thou dost fill my mind with knowledge
Well spent my four years.

All my life thy loving favor pursues me;
Through the long years thy instruction shall be my guide.

Peggy Cleary '62

Broken Home

Opposing arcs subtend his parentage.
"For the child's sake," they say, "we wage
No public war; best to avoid scandal."
His body turns, the axis of a wheel,
Their own halved bone is single in his spine.
They grip his arms and legs and hope to spin
Around the myth they make him, and atone
For all the triumphs that they might have known.
His motion ceases as each iron shaft
Of hostile, vision, spearlike, cuts his flesh;
As bitter words, encompassing his ear,
Spell out the creeds that he must never share.
The fear of fear of falling, should their center break,
Causes their nails to pierce his hands and feet.
The wheel turns cross. The killer and the thief
Die with the victim they have put to death.

Carlisle Van Horne '61

Fragile

Deep from the sheltered harbor of my heart
I launch the secret dreams that youth will build,
And proudly watch each splendid craft depart,
Its sails with winds of transient courage filled.
Each time a rising tempest tears and whips
My vessels, and the careless mockery
Of hidden whirlpools overcomes my ships--
With shaken masts they soon return to me.
I am the storm, and I the gale's fierce power,
My doubts, the waves that lash my fragile fleet,
My fears, the winds that mounting every hour
At last crush my aspirings in defeat.
Thus fail my lofty ventures; so they will
Till faith calls out and bids the seas be still.

Carlisle Van Horne '61

A Walk in the Fall

I saw a dog
the other day.
Black and white
with spots of grey.
His eyes of blue
Sparkled like dew
and his tail wagged
from false to true.

I saw a dog
the other day,
stopped to ask,
"Going my way?"
He answered back,
"Yes, indeed."
And we began walking--
him taking the lead.

Barbara Buckman '63

Julie Wilson '60

A Central Irony in THE MASTER OF HESTVIKEN

Since Sigrid Undset's The Master of Hestviken is the history of a man who spends a lifetime struggling toward sufficient repentance for an early sin, the reader is concerned with the reason it was so difficult for the man, Olav Audunsson, to repent.

Two motives which determined Olav's actions to a great extent were a desire to have honor and respect in the eyes of men and a wish to control his own life. Olav himself expressed both of these desires when he said, near the end of his life, "I thought it easier to live besmirched if I myself have stained my honour--so long as none knew of the stain" (p. 952), and Olav acted accordingly.

Of course, Olav had other prevailing motives; it is obvious to the reader that he acted many times for love of Ingunn or of her children or of Bothild, who, in her frailty, resembled Ingunn. Sometimes, however, Olav merely used this love as an excuse for doing other than he knew he ought. Often he told himself he was acting to protect another, when, in reality, something threatened his own honor or his ability to control his own fate. Because of the deep love between Olav and Ingunn, the two were as one; what was hers was his, what struck at her hurt him. Even though he was turned away from God, Olav performed actions out of love of Him, but he could not bring himself to do that one thing which would strip him of honor and leave him no control over the future.

Is is ironic that honor and control meant so much to Olav that he was willing to live at enmity with God to preserve them, yet in refusing to confess he deprived himself of the satisfaction they should have given him. This irony is manifested in all four books which comprise The Master of Hestviken; one important or typical incident from each will serve to illustrate.

Toward the end of the first book, "The Axe," Olav killed the Icelander, Teit, by whom Ingunn was with child. Though he knew the slaying would be considered a small matter if it were declared at once, if it were "they could not even pretend that Ingunn's honour was saved" (p. 274), and Ingunn's honor was his honor. He could not leave the body to be found, for "it might come out who the dead man was--and after that all the rest" (p. 274). Underneath the conscious concern for Ingunn's name was the thought that people

must not find out that the wife of Olav Audunsson had been seduced by such a one as Teit--a foreigner, a clerk, a boy of lowly birth; Olav's own reputation was involved.

The discovery of Teit's murder would threaten not only Ingunn's and his honor, but also Olav's ability to protect and care for Ingunn and to handle his own affairs. Therefore, Olav burned the Saeter containing the body so that no one could tell who lay there. Of course, many motives influenced Olav's action, but the wish to have the respect of men and to secure his own future ranked among the strongest.

After Olav came to Hestviken, he found that "the burden [of hidden guilt] he had been mad enough to fasten upon himself he would have to bear henceforward" (p. 322). If he would have his way, then he had to accept the consequent restrictions.

Even when the memory of the slaying had long been buried in subconsciousness, a chance word would arouse Olav's fear that people would find out--or already had. For instance, "Bjorn had given him a start with what he said about being quick of hand when honour was at stake. The slaying of Einar Holbeinsson had been far from his mind....So it had not occurred to him that Bjorn was alluding to that" (p. 328). Not for long at a time did Olav have the peace of mind a respected man is entitled to.

A conversation between Olav and his friend, Arnvid, which takes place in the second book, "The Snake Pit," sets forth Olav's position clearly. Olav had sought to make amends of his own choosing by offering to God various substitutes in place of confessing the concealed murder. He bore the burden of a sick wife as manfully as he could, he gave good example in his dealings with the Church and with all he met, and he promised "that Eirik should be treated as [his] own son" (p. 443).

> "Think you," asked Arnvid, "that it avails you to offer God this and that...when you withhold from Him the only thing you yourself know that He would beg of you?"
>
> "The only thing? -- but that is everything, Arnvid -- honour. Life, maybe. God knows I fear not so much to lose it in other ways -- but to lose it as a caitiff --" (p. 443).

Thus, Olav tried every key which might open the door of the prison, except the one which fit the lock.

Olav's refusal of Arnvid's pleas to confess to Brother Vegard made his invisible confinement more secure. Matters grew worse until Olav felt he must confess. The prospect did not seem so terrible, since Arnvid had said that it was possible that he would not be "forced to destroy all [his] kinfolk's honour and welfare"

(p. 479). However, Ingunn begged him not to take the chance and he "could not humiliate himself so far as to broach the subject again" (p. 483). So Olav became wearied under the burden of a "deadly sin...begetting fresh sins from day to day" (p. 483). Eventually Olav became so tired and bitter that an adulterous relationship developed between Torhild and himself without Olav really consciously willing it. As long as he would not confess, he could not escape this prison he had built around himself.

After it became known that Torhild was with child, Olav's name was on people's tongues. They even suspected him of having similar relations with the repulsive Liv, which galled him all the more. Thus, ironically, Olav's choice left him with little control over his own actions and the temporary loss of his good name.

Olav was subjected to a series of powerful visions in the third book, "In the Wilderness." The start of the day gave no warning of what was to come; the celebration of the feast included dancing by retainers, reminding Olav of the days when his sword was pledged to Earl Alf. By evening, however, Olav was running through the woods, pursued by the accusing visions, which ceased only after he came upon a trio of men who tried to rob him.

Among the notions brought home to Olav through the visions was the idea that

> While he was brooding at home in Hestviken...it had seemed to him there was so much he must throw overboard if he would find peace with God -- his honour, his welfare, his life perhaps -- these had been such great things. But...now all that he called his own suddenly appeared to him so little -- a man ought to be able to fling this from him as lightly as he would hang up his harp on the wall, when the trumpet summoned him to arms (pp. 551-552).

Yet as God called to Olav ever more persistently during the dreadful night of visions, he resisted by calling to mind "the song of the retainers and the salt, sweet taste of blood it brought back from his own brisk youth of outlawry, and (he surrendered himself to) the joy of grappling with foes of flesh and blood" (p. 645). Olav realized later that these were "enough to turn the scale in the hour when he was tempted to turn away from God for good and all" (p. 645). Nothing gives a man so strong a sense of control over events and of chance for honor as to lunge into battle with sword in hand. Olav had called his two mainstays, his desires for honor and control, to his defense in his weakest hour and they had strengthened him to continue his war against God.

Olav got his wish for battle when the country was invaded, but even then there was the chance that the past would be brought

up when he met people from the region where he had made his early mistakes. Olav "never liked to hear of his young days or to meet with men from the Uplands who knew of him from that time" (p. 694). Olav felt this reluctance when he met Aslak, whom he was to deny his daughter's hand one day, chiefly because he came from that part of the country.

Long before the invasion, Olav realized what a turning point the night of visions was.

> Since that night... all the thoughts he had struggled with seemed to have turned to stones... He knew that in this new calm that had come upon him he was a poorer man than before, when he had lived in fear and pain... he had been forced to choose and choose again. And so long had he chosen himself that he had lost even his love of God. But therewithal the fire and strength seemed to have gone out of his love for all else he had held dear in this world (p. 620).

He was "left alone with his own soul, as a captive in the deepest dungeon is left alone with the corpse of his fellow prisoner" (p. 694). Olav had chosen his lot, but he did not feel free.

In the fourth book, "The Son Avenger," Olav feared that his daughter, Cecilia, had murdered her husband. He was thus driven to confess his own sin by the thought that she would realize how terrible it is to have secret guilt on one's soul. At first, he thought he could not actually repent because he had chosen not to for so long. Later, however, Olav said, "Lord -- I am not worthy that Thou shouldst take pity on my repentance and show me grace!" (p. 958). Just as Olav was on his way to make the confession over which he had tortured himself his whole life, he was stricken, and he never recovered sufficiently to accomplish his purpose, bearing out his conviction that his persistent refusal had rendered confession impossible.

Moreover, Olav lost the very things he had been trying to preserve all those years. It became known that Olav had a secret slaying on his soul; in addition, he lost, almost completely, control over even the simplest actions because of the paralysis that set in. When Olav finally was willing to give up honor and control, they were forcibly taken from him, leaving him without the satisfaction that surrender usually gives, just as, when he was unwilling to give up honor and control, he was deprived of the satisfaction usually conferred by them.

The irony, with a special twist in the end, is complete. Olav hid the murder of Teit and refused to confess it time and time again, but seldom was he without the fear of discovery and he often felt himself constricted because of this hidden sin. When, at last,

his concern for Cecilia outweighed the now meaningless honor and control, he tried to confess but was prevented from it, receiving neither satisfaction from a good reputation and a sense of mastery, nor relief from the longed-for confession.

The correspondence to life that this ironic relationship between Olav's actions and his lack of satisfaction achieves can be added to the accumulated evidence of Sigrid Undset's control of this, her masterpiece, and the claim to honor which this work makes on her behalf.

Poem in Process

Daphne de Gombert

1.

Sprawled among the rosy folds of the comforter
The bleached, bone-white pelt lay in limp relaxation
Lifeless except for a muffled purr.

2.

Lifeless except for a muffled purr
Sprawled the bone-white pelt
Among the rosy folds of the comforter.

3.

Among the rosy folds of the comforter
Sprawled the bone-white pelt
Lifeless except for a muffled purr.

Oh, to Be In

There are too many April places
and times
To know where you're going for
'oh, to be in'
With its birthing
    and blooming
    its later
    and sooning
It's surely not ending; can't really
    begin

You can feel it according to
'oh, to be in' it
You can see it in later and
sooning faces
You can hear it in each word:
"Let's end and begin it"
There are too many April times
and places

Judy Krommer '63

Answer the Question

Your derision of decision
shows a certain lack of
vision
For if there is none
How can you be sure?

Your intention and contention
Sweetly subterfuge the tension
And the thought behind it lessens
more and
more

Now to stick with calculations
(not your general machinations)
I find your premise quite the
common mode
For through my investigation
I have found the generalization
will accept insinuation but
not fact

Therefore:

the universal doubt
are we going in or out?
do we move at all for
wherein is the act?

for according to the knowers
it was calculated murder
but according to the thinkers
it was tact

Judy Krommer '63

Judy Weber '60

THE MASTER OF HESTVIKEN: Rain

> If you love the Lord your God and serve him with all your heart and with all your soul, he will give to your land the early rain and the later rain, that you may gather in your corn...
> (Deuteronomy, 11:13, 14).

Rain, the natural sign of fertility, is one of the evocative symbols used in The Master of Hestviken (Knopf, 1952). For people who live close to nature, rain is an important force that can either destroy or nourish their lives. Olav Audunsson, as master of Hestviken, a farming manor, must recognize the power of rain and its control over the growth of the cornfields on his lands. As we will show, the grace in Olav's life is related to his spiritual fertility as the rain is to the fertility of the cornfields.

Spring rain is the rain of fruitfulness, paralleling the love and hope of fulfillment in the interwoven lives of Olav and Ingunn. The stirrings of physical love between Olav and Ingunn arise during their trip to Hamar and so it is that, on the morning of the journey, the lake "with dark stripes where the current ran...gave promise of showers" (p. 22). Physical love within the marriage bond is a source of grace, and these showers of light refreshing rainfall forecast the blessings of fruit that could come to Olav and Ingunn.

But, as we will see, summer and autumn rains drown this hope, for later Ingunn bears three still-born sons and one that lives only a year. Then once more there is "a change of weather to spring, southerly winds and rain -- this was thought to presage a good year, both on land and on sea" (p. 455). This is the spring of Cecilia's birth. Cecilia renews the hope of Olav and Ingunn's love and in the end it is because of her that Olav at last finds his way back to God--in the spring rain.

In summer, the rightful spring love between Olav and Ingunn is enveloped by physical desire. "Summer heat had come in earnest the day Olav and Ingunn had stolen away to Hamar...the rain came to nothing--it was blown away" (p. 46). Throughout the book, summer rains are violent and thunderous. The hot lashing rains, destructive to cornfields, echo the passion surging in the hearts of those involved.

On a rain-drenched summer evening the young couple run "hand in hand...through the rain over the dark and empty yard"

(p. 67) to Ingunn's loft, where overpowered by desire, Olav takes Ingunn as his bride. The hot rain of passion in this sin of weakness dries up the spring hope of fulfillment. Olav's shame for his action prevents him from openly claiming his right of betrothal from Ingunn's relatives. His subsequent separation from Ingunn is indirectly responsible for her infidelity with occurs one summer.

In the beginning of Ingunn's relationship with Teit the Icelander "a terrible thunderstorm broke. It rained so that one would have thought the world had not seen the like since the days of Noah" (p. 203, 204). The summer storm in Ingunn's life, like the rains of Noah, destroys the security of her world. Ingunn must tell Olav of Teit's child within her, and when she does, Olav turns from her roughly, leaving her to drag her despairing body home. The mood of Olav is echoed by the seasonal rain for "outside a storm was rising--Ingunn heard the wind on the corner of the house" (p. 239).

The storm wears out, the seasons change, and the hot, violent passions cool; many years pass before summer returns again. "Sometimes a shred of cloud brought a scud of rain over the dried-up fields, but the storm that was to clear the air was long in coming" (p. 801).

Thirteen summers after Ingunn's death "thunder-clouds again rolled up..." and Olav saw Ingunn in a vision. He ran to her, but slipped on the rocks and sank into a swoon. "He was roused by spots of rain" (p. 803) and woke with a bursting pain in his head. He returned home in the pouring rain where he "went about like a sleepwalker in his own house...his whole mind was turned inward upon the memory of his vision" (p. 805). On his shoulder was renewed the mark of a bite Ingunn "had put on him in wild girlish wantonness." This mark, Olav felt "must have been to remind him that the bond between them was not yet broken...in eternity all are ever young" (p. 806). Olav is entering the autumn of his life, but God, in the summer rain, has marked him with a sign of youth.

Rain in autumn must fall within certain amounts in order to assure a good harvest. Too little rain prevents full growth; a surplus washes away the soil and ruins the plants. Rains of three autumns figure in Olav's life. The first, mentioned with the birth-death of Ingunn's second still-born child would seem to indicate a dearth, for during that autumn "the sun was hot, between the rain-squalls that swept over the sea" (p. 373). Olav had previously decided that "his own settlement with that Icelander seemed an utterly unimportant affair...it was unreasonable to think that the Lord God was so scrupulous over the slaying of Teit, or that He singled out him, Olav Audunsson" (p. 372-373). However, God evidently has done exactly this for only "if you obey...will he give the rain that

you may gather in your corn" (Deut. 11:14) and Olav's corn had withered on the stalk.

Too much rain, however, washes away the fertile top-soil, and with it, the seeds. Severe autumn rains are responsible for the fatal illness of Audun who was born in the summer and lived but one year.

After Ingunn's death, Olav visits Torhild, who had borne his only living son. This autumn she offers to send him a box of seed-corn which Olav refuses saying, "Thanks, but that is too much" (p. 606). And in the preceding scene we find the rain too is "too much."

As he was leaving a few drops of rain were falling which Torhild observes "would come to nothing" (p. 607). Olav desires Torhild but is somehow compelled to leave her. "It was raining he noticed all at once; he had not known when it began" (p. 608). The heavens open and the autumn rain pours down upon him, soaking him so that he "felt to the roots of his being that he was bound to live alone" (p. 608). He has realized his guilt for Teit's slaying, that he must obey God's commandments and serve him with all his heart, but the autumn rain seeps beneath his roots, wears away the soil and "now he was himself seeking someone to whom he could transfer the blame for wrongs of his own doing" (p. 609). Olav had always prided himself on his actions, but as the best soil of the cornfield is ruined by flashing rain, even this pride is washed away as Olav rationalizes and projects his guilt.

Olav loses his harvest and without it his winters are bleak and desolate. The winter rains serve only to melt the snowy blanket of cold indifference into a slush of fear, anger, and despair.

Olav must look to Eirik, Ingunn's son, for fruit. Yet, when Eirik is sixteen and Olav finds him being forward with a young serving girl, he "had him by the neck and flung him aside...caught him again, shook him and hurled him backwards so that he fell at full length in the snow" (p. 649). His anger engulfs his whole being and "he did not desist as long as he felt any signs of resistance in the body beneath him." Old Tore "knelt down in the dirty slush and tended the unconscious lad" (p. 650). Torn by his father's anger, that same night Eirik leaves Hestviken. "At night the wind got up from the south and it began to rain" (p. 652). Olav says nothing to his household about Eirik's disappearance but "now and again anxiety dragged at him" (p. 652). Olav asks only the priest, Sira Hallbjorn, and when Sira displays ignorance, "Olav went out, angry. His horse stood outside in the rain, hanging its head; the water poured off its mane, running in streams among the darkened strands" (p. 652).

Olav now questions members of the household and when they can give him no satisfaction "then there was nothing left but to peer into his own despair" (p. 653). In desperation, he calls to

Ingunn, for help, then to Jesus, Mary. "Not for myself do I pray for mercy. Holy Mary, I taught the boy these prayers myself when he was a child -- be mindful of that now!" The icy snow is slowly releasing, but the storm continues.

> In the church on Christmas Eve the vault above was darkened and then the heavy doors shook and the windowshutters rattled -- as if the spirits of the tempest flung themselves with all their might against every barrier in their fury to thwart the sacred ceremony... Through the roaring dissonance of the storm the singing of the mass sounded strangely still and strong -- like the smooth streak of a current in the midst of a rough sea (p. 654, 655).

It seems the devil himself would keep Olav in the frozen depths of indifference, and he rages as Olav's emotions are stirred. We recall here that in the first spring the dark streak of the lake gave a promise of showers. Though the winter rain unlocks adverse emotions of fear and despair, it thaws the infernal ice of indifference and hints of the progress of the eternal Spring.

In the rise and fall of the storm, the rains and Olav's anger persist until, finding Eirik on the Twelfth Day of Christmas, Olav gives him advice and his blessing. The following day, a friend comments "Fine weather, Olav" (p. 659).

Christmas, in the wilderness of winter, is the birthtime of the Redeemer and, as spring always follows winter, it foreshadows the Easter season of new hope. Olav had known the spring of youth but the greater part of his life had been spent in the other seasons' growing estrangement from God. Now, in the winter of age, he finds the spring of grace.

Fearing that Cecilia, the spring-born daughter, has killed her husband and will spend her life harboring the secret of that sin as he did Teit's slaying, Olav goes to Oslo to confess his sin. In his determination "he was cold and trembling -- and in despair at being forced to take the plunge once more... Olav knew not what to do with himself" (p. 946). However, the spring rain itself seems to reveal the course to him.

> The great stone buildings around the square -- the wall of the Bishop's palace and the churchyard fence and the mighty mass of the cathedral with its heavy towers and leaden roof glistening in the rain -- loomed even greater in the dark weather.

Impulsively but deliberately, he does confess the sin to the priest, Finn Arnvidsson. Now, although he has acknowledged

his guilt, the customs of the time demand he be given absolution by the Bishop or his delegate. When arrangements have been made for this Olav prays, "Lord -- I am not worthy that Thou shouldst take pity on my repentance and show me grace!" (p. 958). Although the rain of grace continues, Olav is not given the peace of absolution, for, on the morning set for his confession to the Bishop's delegate, he is stricken "like a great tree that is blown down" (p. 961). Olav had kept God waiting a whole lifetime, now Olav must wait, physically helpless, for God to come to him in death.

> This was the first bitter cup he had to drain -- to see that his conversion came too late in the evening for him to hope that God would send him back into the fray as His man. His work in the world was ended, and he could not undo it (p. 959).

Olav had neglected to gather in the corn of the early rains but "God's clemency is like the later rain" (Proverbs, 16:15), and during this Passion Week of Olav's final Easter, the spring rains had poured plentifully. Once again the spring rains bring a promise of fulfillment, a hope for the new-planted corn. His body is broken so that his spirit, with renewed desire for God, can absorb the rain of grace. "Wild with love and longing [he strives] to gaze yet deeper into God" (p. 985). Now, leaving the winter of life for the spring of death, he can obey the command to "love the Lord your God and serve him with all your heart and with all your soul [and] He will give to your land the early rain and the later rain that you may gather in your corn...."

Autumn

Bonnie Panneton '63

I wonder if the poets who

Expatiate on lovely trees,

Have ever spent the livelong day

Raking up their bloomin' leaves.

A Tickler

Jo Ellen Cunningham '63

I wish I was a little goldfish,
The one the cat's paw grabs for.

When he'd lift me up
And slurp me down,
I'd rub my nose
Inside his toes
And double 'im up,
Meow'n.

Turnabout

Jo Ellen Cunningham '63

I wish I was a little worm,
The one the early bird is after.

When he'd stick out his silly beak
To give my oval nose a tweak,
I'd wrap my tail around his feet
And trip him up with laughter.

Distractions

Judy Harris '63

Pale yellow cupboard doors,
Two, four, six, ten.
The teacher speaks--
I try to listen--
Back to the cupboard doors again.

All Around

Margaret Hammer '63

A circle
Runs until
It meets itself.
It is complete.

Distraction

Frances Kirsch '63

The radio
Is playing low.
I think I'll let
My studies go.

Sue Donovan '62

A Quiet Evening at Home

"Oh, wretched, wretched state!" mumbled Millie, rummaging through the heap of books, folder, clip-board, purse, scarves, sweater, and red Keds which covered seven-eighths of the surface of her desk.

She pulled the massive blue History of Europe from the bottom of the pile, where it had reposed unmolested all week-end. Now, at 6:30 Sunday evening, she was resigned to spending the next twelve hours preparing for tomorrow's Western Civ. test.

"Let's see," she computed, "ninety-seven more pages to read, at twenty pages per hour--that's four hours. Then I'll study my notes until I know them all--that'll be another hour at least."

Fortified with an apple and a stack of graham crackers, Millie munched and contemplated the cultural habits of the Germanic invaders for a good twenty minutes.

The shrill call of the telephone jolted her back to the twentieth century, and she reluctantly dashed to the kitchen at her mother's call, "Millie, it's for you."

Twenty minutes later, after giving Mother strict instructions not to call her to the phone "unless it's someone interesting," Millie shut her bedroom door and returned to the evening's project. Silence prevailed in the modest, menu-bedecked room, broken only by the rhythmic crackle of pages and crunch of graham crackers.

"Bang! Bang! Head for the hills, men." Oh, it's time for "Maverick". She got up and with an injured, "Can't a person have some peace and quiet around here?" She slammed the hall door soundly and once more settled down to Atilla the Hun. Half an hour and eight pages later, the silence of the little room was shattered and Millie almost choked on her apple as strains of "Rockin' Robin" blasted out. Frantically she pushed button after button on her new clock-radio, and then in desperation pulled out the plug. With her heart pounding from the shock, Millie was in no condition to face the break-up of the Roman Empire, so she adjourned to the kitchen for a soothing cup of coffee. Then, once more fit for combat, she settled down dutifully.

Forty-five minutes and six emperors had passed when Millie perceived a new sound in the front of the house: the patter of little feet, and childish voices bleating, "Where's Millie? We want to play with Millie!" Ah, yes, nieces and nephews were wonderful, Millie reminded herself. But it took all her powers to convince Mary Lou that she could play house with Billy, and Billy that he could play "Hide the thimble" just as well in some other room. It was close to ten o'clock now, and Millie read frantically for another hour.

"Excuse me, dear," interrupted Mother, "but where did you leave my brown shoes?"

"Byzantium on the Bosphorus," muttered Millie unintelligibly.

At eleven-thirty Mother returned, "Millie, aren't you finished studying yet? Your father and I are going to bed now."

"Sancta Sophia..." Millie replied.

"All right, dear, but don't forget to open your windows before you go to sleep."

Millie's glassy eyes remained glued to the book: "... square dome on a round building..."

A Dying Leaf

Sister Joseph Michael, CSJ

A static flame against the tide
Of autumn, longing for the earth
Below to bury and to hide
The stiffness, slowly seeping through.

Linda Marsh '62

Devilia's Revenge

The door to the entrance of hell slammed shut with a loud crash. As it resounded throughout the dim, smoking halls of Hades, Devilia protested loudly: "I'll show him. He can't get away with that, father or no father, I just won't let him. I know, I'll go to earth anyway, and I'll do a good deed. If anything will make him angry and sorry that he wouldn't let me go with his permission, that will. I'll give the devils a bad name by doing something good. Just watch and see if I don't."

She took her ring and wished. When she opened her eyes all she could see was the vastness and emptiness of a desert with a worn, time-ridden road. "Golly it's so much cooler up here," Devilia gasped, "and nothing around for miles. Maybe I'd better try another place.... but what's that? A group of men. Oh!" she cried, "what'll I do now? I can't just stand here."

Devilia, confused for a minute, looked about and then a glimmer of mischief spread across her face as she thought out loud, "I know, I'll pretend I'm lost and play the sweet little innocent role. I've seen those pretty, petite blondes do it plenty of times. It shouldn't be hard. After all, wasn't I with them whispering incoherent schemes into their ear so they could catch their men? Well, this isn't much different is it?" she asked herself with a catch of impishness in her voice. "Oh, they're coming closer."

"Hup, two, three, four, hup ...HALT!" commanded the sergeant and the green recruits stumbled over each other. "Now what in the name of Lucifer is a girl doing out here in the middle of our practice field," shouted the sergeant to no one in particular. "Good Lord, can't I even teach these greenhorns their drills in the middle of this obsolete, God-forsaken spot without a woman showing up," he bellowed. "Hey you," he shouted, "who are you and what in the heck are you doing out here?"

Devilia, rather indignant at being addressed with such contempt, forgot to be a lady and answered rather hotly, "My name is Devil...Devvy and I'm lost. What does it look like?"

"May I ask how you got out here?" inquired the sergeant, looking around for any kind of evidence of transportation. "I suppose you walked?"

Devilia, stumped for a second, stammered, "Uh...uh... well, I was out for a ride when I made the wrong turn and got stuck here with a flat tire."

"In what car and what flat tire?" demanded the sergeant, red and changing to purple around the collar. "Private Ribonan, up and front. Now tell me, do you see a car with a flat tire anywhere on this confounded sizzling desert?"

"Y..y..yes, Sir, sergeant Sir, I do," he stammered.

"What!" exclaimed the sergeant incredulously. Where?"

"Over yonder, Sir," Private Ribonan mumbled. "But I could have sworn it wasn't there a moment ago," he said with more conviction.

"Young lady," shouted the sergeant, his anger rising to the danger point, "where did that car come from?"

"Well, I told you I was taking a ri__"

"I know," the sergeant cut in. "Oh heck! Private," he ordered, "fix this young lady's tire and then return to your Company, on the double. And you, young lady, go back to where you came from," he called over his shoulder as he stomped back to his regiment.

That impish look returned in Devilia's eyes as she turned to Private Ribonan and asked in her sweetest voice. "Is he always like that?"

Private Ribonan, color rising to match his hair, shyly answered, "It's only because it's so hot."

"Oh it's much hotter where I come from," was her casual reply.

"Where do you come from?" he asked.

"Oh...well, don't you think we'd better fix the tire?" she evaded the question.

"Have you a spare?" he asked looking in the trunk of the car.

"Well, if you'll tell me what a spare is, I can get one for you," she said demurely.

"It's a round wheel like those other black ones which make the car move," he said. "Honestly! What's your line?"

"Line?...I could tell you, honestly, but -- here's the spare." She closed her eyes, rubbed the ring and there the tire was at her feet.

"How did you do that?"

"It was easy, I just wished."

"You just wished," he said. "Maybe I've been watching too many Disney's lately."

"Well, here's the spare, are you going to fix the car?" she asked innocently.

As private Ribonan knelt to unscrew the bolts he asked, "Who are you, really?"

"I'm the daughter of Lucifer, of course."

"Sure," he said, "and I'm the son of the King of Bagdad. And just what are you doing on earth? I suppose you're here to do a good deed," he said sarcastically.

"How did you know?" she asked dumbfounded.

"Oh, I just guessed. The daughters of Lucifer come from hell every day to do good deeds," he continued.

"Oh!" she said exasperated. "I did come to do a good deed and to prove it--here, I'll give you my wishing ring. Anything you want, just close your eyes and wish and you'll have it. Now I have to go. My father found out what I'm doing. Father, please fath..."

On the desert sand lay a sparkling band of gold, and a pleading echo could be heard as the impact of what was said hit Private Ribonan like a thunderbolt.

Or was it the crash of the door to the entrance of Hades?

Trees

Julie Wilson '60

They bend low over their shovels,
Toss the dirt and dust behind them
And fling the hair out of their eyes.
Then down the shovels drop again.
Hear them whistle while they work.

Dianne Smith '59

First Lines of Two Epics

Much of the significance of the Aeneid and the Iliad is presented in the first few lines of these works. Virgil begins:

> I tell about war and the hero who first from Troy's frontier,
> Displaced by destiny, came to the Lavinian shores,
> To Italy--a man much travailed on sea and land
> By the powers above, because of the brooding anger of Juno,
> Suffering much in war until he could found a city
> And march his gods into Latium, whence rose the Latin race...
> (C. Day Lewis translation).

Homer begins the Iliad:

> Sing, goddess, the anger of Peleus' son Achilleus
> and its devastation, which put pains thousandfold upon the Achaians,
> hurled in their multitudes to the house of Hades strong souls
> of heroes, but gave their bodies to be the delicate feasting
> of dogs, of all birds, and the will of Zeus was accomplished
> since that time when first there stood in division of conflict
> Atreus' son the lord of men Agamemnon and the brilliant Achilleus
> (Lattimore translation).

In these opening lines we become aware of the poems' purposes, plots, and themes, and we catch clues to the characters of their divergent heroes. These lines, too, can be compared and contrasted in their treatment and development of these topics.

First of all, the fundamental difference between Virgil's Aeneid and Homer's Iliad is expressed in these opening lines. This difference shapes the structure and plot of both poems and is basic to the purpose of each. It is in relation to purpose that Virgil's epic and Homer's are most divergent.

The first words of Virgil, "I tell," immediately give the story a personal quality and a direct and deliberate purpose. In contrast, Homer opens with "Sing, goddess," a phrase which gives the feeling of spontaneous and as it were unplanned expression quite

different from the deliberate tone of Virgil. Homer, instead of speaking in his own voice, makes an invocation to a goddess, placing himself at her disposal, offering to be her instrument in telling a story.

Furthermore, the definite outline of the plot at the outset of the Aeneid shows a deliberate intention on the part of Virgil and implies a work of art which is his own. In these lines he speaks of the "hero," the hero's goal: to "found a city," the problems he must encounter in "war," the reason for these problems: "the brooding anger of Juno" and the fulfillment of this hero's goal: the rise of "the Latin race, the royal line of Alba and the high walls of Rome." In these phrases the basic plot is present.

Homer, however, shows only the beginning of the plot of the Iliad by references to "anger and its devastation" and the "division of conflict" between Agamemnon and Achilleus. The outcome is not mentioned as it is in Virgil, but rather it develops with art beyond art during the progress of the story. The lack of such foreseen structure in Homer implies again the spontaneity of retelling a legend.

Furthermore, both quotations express the explicit and implicit themes of the poems. The explicit theme of the Iliad is the anger of Achilleus, and the fourth word of Homer's first line is "anger." In this anger lies the tragedy of Achilleus and the entire Iliad and along this line the plot of the story develops. Homer further develops this "anger" by references to its "devastation" and again to the "division of conflict" between Agamemnon and Achilleus.

All these are foreshadowings of his basic plot: the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilleus, Achilleus' consequent withdrawal from battle and his plea to the gods for revenge, the defeat of the Achaians by the Trojans with Hektor, the intervention and death of Patroklos, the return of Achilleus to battle, the defeat of the Trojans, and the ultimate death of Hektor.

"Anger" and "its devastation" are evident in all these events, but can be seen especially in the battle scenes, where many Achaians are brutally slain, and in the personal devastation of Achilleus, when his anger and desire for revenge result in the death of his best friend, Patroklos.

This same explicit statement of theme is present in the first paragraph of the Aeneid. Virgil shows the hero, Aeneas, "who first from Troy's frontier... came to the Lavinian shores... suffering much in war until he could found a city." So Virgil gives, in a few lines, the legend of the adventures of Aeneas, and foretells his theme of praise to the Roman Empire. These explicit themes are basic to the story and serve as a framework for the implicit themes which appear.

Implicitly the Iliad, like the Aeneid, is rich in themes. Anger, as shown by Homer, is a universal response and not restricted to Achilleus and the story of the Iliad. Achilleus' anger, the consequent clouding and misuse of his intellect, his desire for revenge, and the ultimate consequences of his acts do not belong exclusively to him but are rather emotions experienced by all men.

Besides this theme of anger, there is also an implicit relation between fate and free will which can be seen in these opening lines.

Homer says, "and the will of Zeus was accomplished." This relationship is complex, but although the Trojans are fated to ruin, and men's lives are weighed out by fate on golden scales, the acts of Achilleus are freely willed.

After the quarrel with Agamemnon, for instance, he chooses to withdraw and chooses to remain apart, even after the appeal and peace offering of Agamemnon and the Achaians, until, by another free act, he permits Patroklos to go into battle. It is only after this disastrous choice that he returns to war. During this time he seems to have complete authority over his will and is not blindly subject to fate.

In the Aeneid, too, Virgil uses several phrases to imply this same kind of theme. His ideas about fate are revealed by such phrases as "displaced by destiny" and "a man much travailed on sea and land by the powers above." So does Virgil indicate the fact that Aeneas was a man of destiny, a man with a vocation, and to this vocation he was faithful.

Aeneas was to "found a city," Rome, and to begin the Latin race. He willingly fulfilled his destiny, in spite of such problems as the leaving of Dido and the fighting of wars. This is perhaps the secret of his success and the key to the theme, for he cooperated with destiny and the wish of the gods, thus proving himself a man.

Finally, in our selections from both the Aeneid and the Iliad the authors give clear indications of the characters of their heroes. We are told that Aeneas was a man "renowned for piety." Here piety is related to his devotion to the Olympian gods, for he was obedient and respectful toward them. And it is also related to his vocation and to his household gods, both of which are concerned in his destiny.

On the other hand, Homer, in reference to Achilleus enumerates "the anger of Peleus' son Achilleus" and the "division of conflict" between Achilleus and Agamemnon. These phrases point to the tragedy of Achilleus which sprang from his own resentment. We find that he is motivated by anger throughout the poem, and not until the last book does his anger change to pity. Only then does he become himself again.

It can be seen, therefore, that a few opening lines can sometimes provide tremendous insight into a work of art, and while these lines alone could never offer a complete understanding, yet they do present significant views of the author's purposes, plot, themes, and characterization. In the case of Homer and Virgil these insights are made clearer when we compare the poems An understanding of such contrasts and similarities adds to the understanding, the intellectual gain, and the enjoyment of the Iliad and and the Aeneid.

First Love

Sharon Pringle '63

"I love you," you said,
And my impetuous heart
Wanted to say,
"And I love you, my darling."

But I was young
And it was summer
How could I say the words
That autumn might change?

So I kissed you,
And a woman walked away,
But a little girl
Stayed with you.

Helen Kirk '62

The Giant Killer

It was cloudy, and classes were over for the day. Rod headed for the library, wondering how long this assignment was going to take. His long strides soon brought him to the library steps where he met Davidson running as usual. Nice guy.

"Hi, Rod. How's it going?"

"OK, I guess. Gonna get a little work done here before I make it home." He nodded toward the library. "How was the math?"

"Right. I might need a little help again tonight."

Rod nodded and started up the steps. He turned and watched Davidson go, short, slight Davidson. He smiled. Just a kid. He couldn't quite figure him out; Rod was great in math and he knew it, but Davidson was smart too. Why did Davidson want his help? Well, he'd better get busy with the psych.

It was getting dark as he headed home. Home, that was strange; he had never thought of the Co-op house as home before. A plane went over too low, a jet. He thought of Korea and how he had hated it. He had hated all of it, every minute of it. He had been only a kid then, now he was a man, so much older and more mature than these other guys around him. He hardly noticed them, only enough to avoid bumping into them as he moved toward the house. He didn't have to work tonight. He'd be finished with his assignments early.

Using the GI Bill to pay for his tuition and living at the Co-op house wasn't too expensive, but he still had to work. He didn't like anything about the malt shop: boys laughing loudly, girls giggling and the juke box screaming; it made him sick to have to wait on these children. They had never been to war, seen men die, died themselves more than once; they were still infants. As for him, he didn't even go to football games because they reminded him of fighting, and besides, he hated crowds. Frat parties didn't interest him either. What was more disgusting than wasting a whole night drinking and dancing with a bunch of teen-agers? He was going to be a chemist.

"Hi, Rod."

"Hello."

Now who in the hell was that? Probably some girl in one of his crowded morning classes. He didn't know a soul after two

months here, and he didn't care. This psych was going to take at least another hour.

He turned in at a large, white, uninteresting, two-story building, and easily pulled open the heavy doors. It smelled like food, he couldn't tell what kind. With his six books, three in each large hand, he started up the worn steps. His room was at the head of the stairs and to the right. He went in. Ronny wasn't there. Good. Ronny was hardly ever there. He would be in in a few minutes, though, smelling like sweat after football practice. Then he would shower, eat, and be gone again. That guy never studied, which made it nice for Rod. No one bothered him while he studied. He sat down at his desk and opened his psych book.

The door banged open.

"Hiya, Coach. Gad, are you still at it?"

"Hello, Ronny."

"Don't worry, Coach, I'll leave you alone."

The shower door slammed and he heard the water running.

It was dinner time. He started down the stairs; the psych was finished. All the fellows were coming to the table, joking around. He sat down and started in on his salad. Thirty guys all talking at once, all talking about parties, games, and girls. He wondered why some of them had even come to college.

Davidson slid in next to him.

"Hi."

He nodded, chewing. Davidson didn't say any more.

There was some big party tonight -- in the middle of the week yet. But then there were parties all the time.

"Why don't you come tonight, Davidson?"

"Not me, I still have chemistry and math to do."

They looked at Rod and he looked up; their glances dropped. A few others weren't going; it would be quiet tonight.

Dinner over, he headed back to his room. He wondered how long it would take him to be a real chemist. Chemists made good money, something he had never had, and he wasn't going to lose this chance. College was a lot of work, but he'd done harder things than this. He couldn't figure out how some of the other guys were going to get by, Ronny especially. He was one of the kids you read about, the college guy who was at every party. Ronny lived for football, and fun, no work. Ronny needn't thing he would help him at exam time. That guy deserved to flunk; so did most of the others for that matter.

At the top of the stairs now, he turned and went into his room. Ronny was pulling a red sweater over his head.

"Gonna study some more?"

"Mm hmm."

"I really should too, no will power, I guess." He grinned. "Don't stay up too late, Coach."

Rod opened his history book and started studying -- waste of time, he thought. What good was history going to do a chemist? The history book was heavy; he turned his chair around and put the book on the desk. The door behind him swung open and Davidson burst into the room.

"I've done the first three problems, but I can't get the fourth." Rod wasn't startled any more at the way Davidson wasn't afraid to tell you what he was thinking and he almost never prefaced it to soften the blow.

"OK, let's see it." He reached for his algebra book.

In fifteen minutes they were through with the problem.

"Thanks, Rod." Davidson got up to leave and Rod turned to his history.

At ten-thirty he was still at it when there was one knock on the door, and Davidson rushed in again.

Davidson smiled, "Study much, Rod?"

Rod looked around and closed his history book. "Well, if I'm going to get the grades, I gotta study."

Davidson picked up a rubber band off the floor, and sat down on Rod's bed.

"After watching people study up here I started wondering why they had all come."

Rod leaned back on his chair balancing on the two back legs

"All different kinds of people come to college, and guess what, there are three separate types. Will you listen? 'Cause I gotta talk."

Rod lit a cigarette. "Well, let's hear."

Davidson was sitting on the edge of the bed now.

"The first type comes to college for the ride, the parties, the fun of college -- they usually don't last too long. Ronny's that type."

Eucalyptus

Julie Wilson '60

She cringes:
Stoop-shouldered
Head-hung
Tatter-clothed
Rat-haired
Out-cast.

Carla Cosgrave '62

Dante the Adolescent

Knowing that eventually I would have to enter the room made the task no easier. For the third time the squares on the floor were counted, faucet opened, water swallowed and squares recounted.

The errand was easy enough: simply to go into the classroom, deliver the message to the teacher, and leave.

Resigned, I imagined the scene. At the click of the door forty-large varicolored eyeballs would roll toward me.

"Harumph, yes? What can I do for you, young lady?"

Trying to speak I would stand aghast and my slack mouth would emit only round zeros. Eventually the paper would be deposited, boneless legs would turn and carry a senseless body out.

The Boy would laugh with the rest of the class and the long fought for "hello" would now be a dreaded sound. If only he weren't in the room -- the all important person. . .

* * *

One of the most painful memories I have of adolescence was my first and idealistic love. Because of him my journey through high school was filled with shy answers in class and gauche actions everywhere. The whole ordeal was permeated by three painful emotions: embarrassment, sensitivity, and a feeling of complete awe.

The first of these emotions, embarrassment, followed me out of high school. But now my embarrassment was centered around the ridiculous figure that I painfully identified as myself. Only recently was this embarrassment mitigated. Reading the Divine Comedy has at last made me feel better.

Now I have discovered that these same emotions were felt by Dante too. His worship of Beatrice was once like this. I am forced to admit, however, that his feelings were far deeper than mine, since in him the mere sight of First Love brought him from adolescence to maturity.

In the Divine Comedy, says Dorothy Sayers, Dante reexperiences the feelings he must have had as a young man. I hope to show how in the poem he skillfully combines the adolescent attitude with the mature one when Beatrice comes to guide him into the City of Love.

At the top of mount Purgatorio, Beatrice scolds Dante for weeping over his lost friend, Virgil, who had returned to Limbo and then she goes on in a most ungentle way. He stands there, unable to look up at her and says:

> Look at me! I am indeed, I am indeed Beatrice.
> How did you dare to approach the mount?
> Did you not know that here man is happy?

Imagine Dante's consternation at hearing this from his beloved, his ideal. He reacts in the only possible way, with shame and embarrassment.

> My glances fell down to the clear stream;
> but seeing myself in it, I turned them
> to the grass, such shame burdened my face
> (Purgatorio 30:83, Huse translation).

We sympathize with Dante, who cannot bear to look into the water which mirrors his shame. Perhaps we grow a little angry with Beatrice for being so harsh. The angels try to relieve Dante's wounded heart as they sing: "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust." (30:83). When Dante hears this song he becomes like someone who has held off crying but finds this impossible when offered sympathy. He says:

> the frost which had gripped my heart
> became breath and water, and with anguish
> through mouth and eyes came from my breast
> (30:97-99).

We pity the poor adolescent Dante who finds Beatrice's words all the harder since they are true. Like an overgrown boy he stands crying and unable to defend himself.

Later, Beatrice gives reasons for her harsh attitude. For though Dante had great promise as a youth, these promises were long in reaching fruition because of his attention to false gods. When he is called upon to answer whether or not this accusation is true, he reacts in a now characteristic way.

> My senses were so confused
> that my words began and were spent
> before released from their organs (31:7-9).

Probably if his accuser had been anyone but Beatrice, Dante would not have behaved in such an adolescent manner. Soon, however, Dante finds relief when he confesses his faults and makes satisfaction by falling in a faint of remorse. After this he is cleansed in the river Lethe and looks upon Beatrice. When he looks directly at her beauty, he shows the youthful emotion of unquestioning awe. Like a boy, who, upon seeing his ideal can think of nothing more nor see anything except her, Dante says: "So eager were my eyes to satisfy

their ten years' thirst [to see Beatrice] that other perceptions were suspended" (32:1-3).

In all these instances we have discovered very human, adolescent emotions portrayed by Dante. We find ourselves growing embarrassed for him when he is scolded by Beatrice. We find ourselves pitying Dante when his heart gushes forth in tears. We rather laughingly remember our own traitorous tongue when Dante is tongue tied and cannot answer Beatrice. We feel an empathic surge of love and awe when he at last gazes on his love. Dante, in his great poem, has let us see more clearly the human emotions which are ours. By showing himself as a rather foolish adolescent he has made us feel less foolish.

THRICE TOLD TALES OF ANGELS continued from page 4.

Tobias wants to give a monetary reward to the angel. Of course he refuses it and suggests that they praise God by prayer, fasting, and almsgiving. This is unlike the other two stories in that Tobias and his son are told to offer food for the soul instead of food for the body.

Now the angel explains that he came to help them as a reward for the good life Tobias had always led. He concludes by telling them that he is the Angel Raphael. Upon hearing this, both father and son are filled with terror and fall face downward to the earth. It is as if they feel their insignificance beside this heavenly being and want to shrink as low as possible. Raphael comforts them, tells them to abandon their fears and give praise to God. With that he quietly disappears.

Meanwhile in the other two stories both Gedeon and Manue have returned with a goat and bread to be sacrificed. Both angels direct them to place the food on a nearby rock. Then the food is miraculously consumed by a blazing fire which arises out of the rock. Both angels disappear at this time. Gedeon and Manue react just as Tobias and his son did. They realize that this messenger was an angel and fall face downward to the ground expecting God to strike them dead. Gedeon is comforted and assured by the voice of God that he is safe. Manue's wife remains calm under this astounding event and becomes a source of consolation to Manue.

We see that in all three accounts the angel comes, relates his message, is offered a reward which he refuses, directs each individual to offer sacrifice, is told to wait, and finally reveals his identity. At this each character is filled with terror, falls face to earth, and is comforted by someone. Despite all these similarities, each story retains its individuality, which proves that literature is as flexible as music. There are only a few notes, but no one could count the possibilities of arrangements.

DEAR DIARY continued from page 10.

May 29

Only 5 days till I become Mrs. Rod Thomas! I can hardly wait. These last few weeks have been an awful strain on everyone, but especially on Rod and me. But I am trying not to be alone with him any more than is absolutely necessary and Saturday will be here before we know it.

June 30

The wedding was a huge glorious success. Everything went just fine and Rod and I had a wonderful honeymoon in San Francisco. He even came to Mass with me the time we were there but now that we are home again, he lets me go alone. He went to his own church last week. It was the strangest feeling, his dropping me off at St. John's then going on to his own service and picking me up afterward. It left me feeling kind of cold, but I' m sure everything will work out all right.

September 9

I went to the doctor today and he confirmed my guess. Rod and I are going to have a baby the end of April. I am so pleased, and I guess Rod will get used to the idea. He sort of wanted to wait a little bit longer, but I know he loves children and I'm sure he will love it when it gets here.

February 26

I have been so busy lately. Married life sure is a lot of work, and I have been thinking of all sorts of names for the baby. Rod wants to name it David after his dad, or if it's a girl Kimberley. I don't mind David, but Kimberley just isn't a saint's name, and I don't think it's right, but Rod is so adamant I may have to give in and just give her a saint's name for her middle name. I hope it's a boy--that will solve everything.

May 24

Our daughter arrived April 27th and is a darling. We named her Kimberley Marianne, but everyone calls her Kimmie. She hasn't been baptized yet, though. We are waiting for Rod's parents to come home from Europe. Rod wants them to be here even though they can't be godparents. I couldn't ask Mom and Dad to be either, although I really wanted them to, but that just wouldn't be fair to Rod's side of the family. So we are having Betty and Jim Wolfe. They are a good Catholic couple and will do very nicely, but it is disappointing about Mom and Dad. And Father O'Brien keeps asking when we are going to have her baptized. It's getting embarrassing.

August 11

Kimmie was finally baptized today. It was such a nice ceremony. The elder Thomases didn't understand it at all, and kept asking questions afterward. Honestly, I wish we hadn't even waited for them. It's so silly, the way they constantly ridicule my religion. I don't know where they think it is going to get them. Rod and I are married and our child is baptized a Catholic so they might as well give up.

September 12

Our second child is on its way. This time it was a shock even to me. Rod is having fits. He says we can't afford a baby every year, and he is blaming it all on me, because I refuse to use contraceptives and he refuses to abide by the rhythm method. But after this baby, we are definitely going to have to work out something.

April 15

Melodie Marie arrived a week ago, and in two weeks Kim will be a year old. That's really getting a family the fast way, but both the girls are so sweet that I don't mind. Rod loves the new baby, too. As a matter of fact, he insisted we name her Melodie after his favorite aunt. I had already decided to name her Anne Marie, but he was so insistent I gave in.

April 27

Things have come to a bad state between Rod and me. After Melodie's birth, I developed complications and have had to stay here in the hospital after the baby went home. Rod's mother was staying with Kimmie and him, and so last week when he took the baby home I didn't think another thing about it. Today he and Mrs. Thomas both came to see me, and she said that I wouldn't have to worry this time about the baby not being baptized. She had taken care of it. Indeed she had, and I don't know how I can ever forgive Rod for allowing it, but my baby daughter was christened this afternoon in Rod's mother's church with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas as god-parents. I am in such a state of shock and hurt I don't know what to do. I fought with Rod and cried for hours and the doctor had a fit when he got here and saw what a state I was in, but I just don't even care. I have to talk to Father O'Brien. I am praying it can be straightened out, but I am so furious with Rod at the moment that I don't know what to do next. I told Mom and she was very understanding. She didn't even say, "I told you so," although I guess she actually did. She promised to go over and stay with the babies, or else take them to her house, and contact Father O'Brien for me.

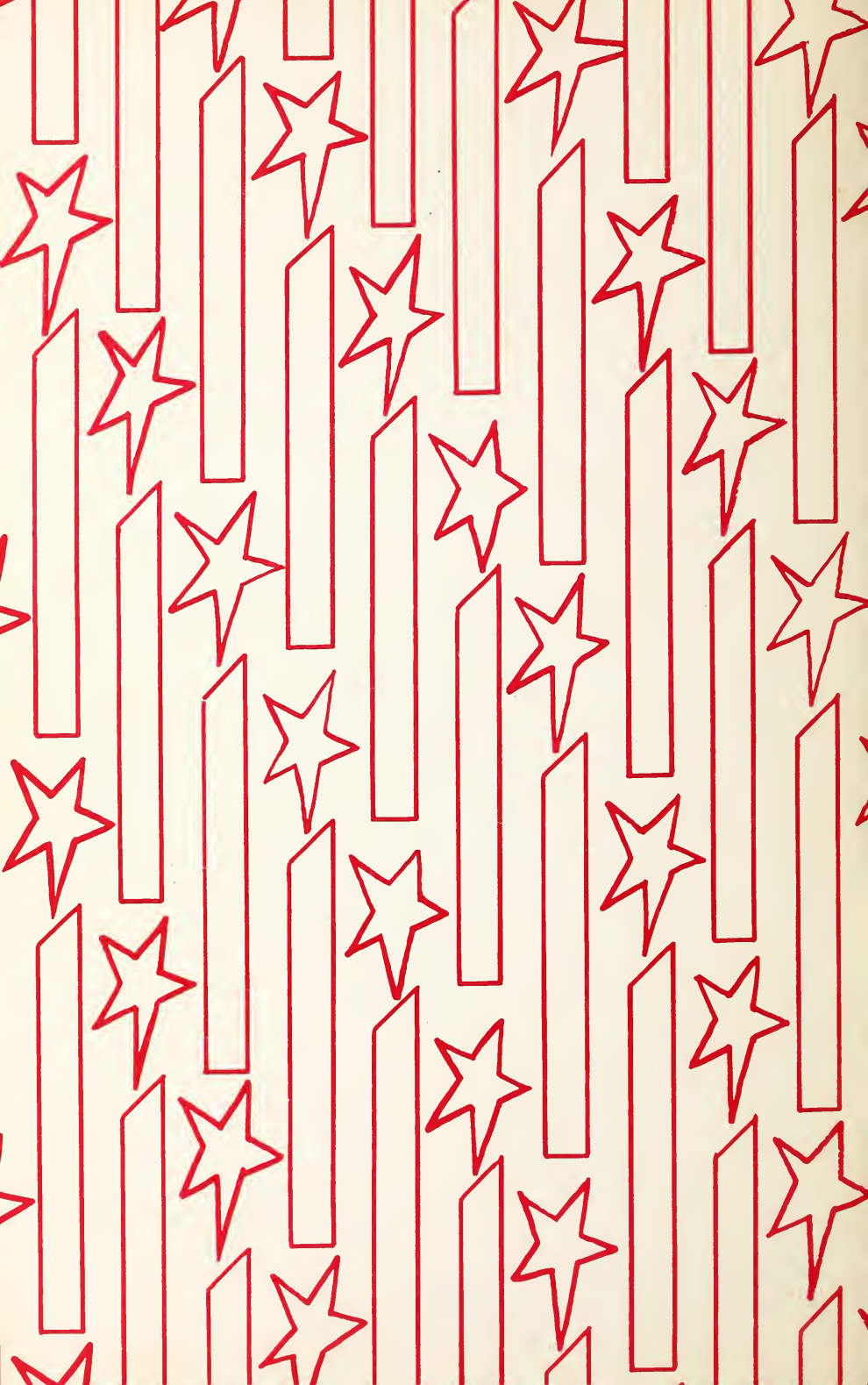
May 7

The doctor released me from the hospital today and I went straight over to Mom's. Rod came over and begged me to come home; he cried and apologized all over and I finally gave in. He is, after all, the father of my children, and I was very much in love with him once, even though lately I have felt distant and cold toward him. But I think for the sake of the babies we should try to salvage the marriage. Even Father O'Brien said I should try.

July 4

Just four years ago today I had my first date with Rod. It's strange, it seems like so much longer than that--so much has happened. If I had only known then, what I do now, I would never have gone to that picnic. I suppose I should have known what was ahead, but I just didn't look that far. I have come to the conclusion that our marriage just never should have been. It's a shame that two beautiful children must suffer for our mistake, but Rod and I will just never have a good marriage. There are too many things we don't agree on.

After I went home to him from Mother's, things were pretty good for a while. He was so kind, considerate and loving that I was very happy. But he wouldn't let me take Kimmie to Mass one Sunday; we argued for an hour. He said she was too young; I said she might as well get used to the routine early--she'd be doing it all her life. He said she wouldn't, and neither would Melodie, and I went to Mother's again. We patched that one up, but since have had three very bad quarrels about birth control and they just can't be solved. I will not use contraceptives and he won't listen to my way, so I have come to the conclusion that the best thing for us is a separation. He agrees and we have decided to get a civil divorce to make it legal. My mind is numb and my heart has bled till it can bleed no longer, and I have no more tears. This is the only way for us. We can't be happy together, we should have realized that four years ago.

When I looked up from the diary I caught the gleam of tears behind my sister's smile.

This paper received the Cardinal McIntyre Award for 1959.